

A DOG IN A PINOCCHIO GAME.

SAT IN A VENTRILOQUIST'S LAP AND MADE REMARKS.

Also called out the Melio, to the astonishment of Bross, the Barber, and Koenekamp, the Saloonkeeper. They buy the dog for \$10 as a speculation.

The members of the Koenekamp Pinocchio Club assembled in the rear room of Henry's saloon in response to printed invitations, which read as follows:

The Greatest Wonder of the Age! Gypsy, the Pinocchio Playing Dog. Will play "Pinocchio" and "The Dog and the Bone" and other famous plays. Saturday, Nov. 15, 12, 12, 12. At Koenekamp's Saloon, corner Third Avenue and Halsey street, Brooklyn.

"I don't believe it afore I see it," said the barber, as he almost clipped the ear of a customer in his hurry to get through work in time to see the wonder dog. "No, I cannot believe what I see afore it comes off. 'Seuse me, do de dog make I see tinkin about de dog. Now how can a dog make a hundred even if he had dem deat do? What?"

"Who owns the dog?" inquired the customer.

"Some man that is a friend from Wald-bauer, der baker," answered Bross. "Der baker is always making funny tricks on me und Hargy, so melbe when he brings der man rot der dog ve vill not a dog have, but a joke. When I would see a dog play pinocchio I would laugh till I got no more laughing left."

Hargy, the bartender, slipped through the side door into the barber shop while Bross was talking and shouted:

"Hurry up, the dog is here with the fellow who owns him."

The barber pulled his white coat off and hurried into the saloon. He found all of the other members of the club there. Wald-bauer, the baker, was in front of the mirror admiring a new hat which he had won from Koenekamp on an electric leg. He was accompanied by his friend, Haviland, the four man, and a little fat fellow who was introduced as Mr. Miller. He whiskered to Haviland that Miller was a ventriloquist out of employment. Miller had with him a little meekly looking black dog.

"Come here, Gyp!" he shouted, and the dog ran from the foot of the lunch counter where he was waiting for something to drop. "What were you after?" continued Miller, and the dog apparently answered, "A piece of bologna."

Koenekamp's eyes bulged and his hand trembled as he placed the drinks on the bar.

"Bring a drink for that Dutch barber," the dog apparently said.

Bross staggered like a man who had been hit on the head.

"Hollische feuer!" he exclaimed. "How it comes like dot? Never before I heard a dog speak so plain. He talks so good like I talk."

"If I couldn't talk better than you I'd drown myself," said the dog. Then the crowd laughed and said the drinks were on the barber, and he admitted it.

"Does the dog talk 'pinocchio'?" asked the dog, as Salvo, the bootblack, elbowed his way up to the bar.

"Maraviglioso!" exclaimed the Italian; "where you get him?"

"I trained him myself," explained Miller. "He's the greatest card player in the world. Won three prizes at a church euchre last week."

"All the women cheated, too," added the dog.

By this time a crowd of half a hundred men were pushing and shoving each other in an effort to get near the dog. Koenekamp was so stunned that he stood speechless at the end of the bar.

"Come," said Wald-bauer, "we had better start that pinocchio game. Let us get together."

"I'll play Koenekamp and the barber first," remarked the dog.

Beads of perspiration ran down the cheeks of Bross as he bowed nervously toward the card table. Miller, the owner of the wonder dog, volunteered to keep score.

He explained that, as the dog had no hands to hold the cards, it was customary for him to hold them and deal for Gyp, while the dog sat on his lap and glanced at the hands dealt by the dealer.

The crowd moved back and forth in case the dog got angry during the game to one who was in danger of getting bitten.

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"Charlie," he said, "you don't go undt bragdick. I was a shame ter play mit you. You ought to play marples."

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District Attorney Jerome saw part of the game, but left before the sensational climax.

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"I vin der money already," said Gloistein as he hugged Nick Gunter, his brother-in-law.

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